

35c. FOR LADIES' MUFF.
How can we sell Muffs at this price? We must have the room and all Furs must go regardless of what they cost. We still have a good assortment of Fine Furs.

\$1.98 FOR LADIES' JACKET.
Black Cheviot Umbrella back, a very good garment and well worth double the money. We have some very good styles left in Fine Garments.

9c. CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR.
Our stock of Children's Underwear is much larger than we want to carry, so have cut the price deep to close. White, 9c. upward. Scarlet and Gray at cost.

25c. LADIES' AND MEN'S UNDERWEAR.
Greatest Bargain in this department ever offered. All grades of White, Gray and Scarlet; price astonishing.

\$16.75 No 3
\$16.75 Demorest
Sewing Machine.

AT WALTER'S,
128 Wyoming Ave.

THE CARE OF BABIES.

Two Methods Ventilated by a Mother Who Tried the Wrong One.

The advent of a baby should not be the signal for upsetting all the ordinary rules of a house. The baby himself is much happier and much more likely to be healthy if from the beginning he is brought up by method. During the first month of his little life the youngling of the human flock is often treated with such indiscretion that it is very hard for him and for his poor mother to get him into good habits later.

"I fully intended," writes a young matron in Harper's Bazar, "to bring my little Duncan up well from the first hour of his birth. And I would have had very little trouble if Walter's mother had not just then come from Scotland to visit us. Duncan was her first grandchild, and the adoring grandmother had no patience with new fangled notions in the nursery. 'I rocked my babies to sleep,' she said stoutly. 'I never laid the poor little things down in their cribs and expected them to go to sleep. Yes, and I carried them when they cried. Many's the time, Margie, that I've carried your husband up and down the floor for your hours without stopping. He was a grown heavy fellow too. I would drop down utterly worn out at last.'

"Nurse the baby by the clock? No, my dear, I believe in nursing a baby when he's hungry—little and often is my way. A baby will never be a baby again. Let him be loved and petted while he can. So the grandmother argued, and so, being a resolute person, buxom and strong of back as of will, she had her way. Duncan became, bless his heart, the tyrant and the despot a baby does when he has his own way. We were abject slaves, and Duncan ruled us with a rod of iron. Poor little man! He had the colic perpetually. He woke up a dozen times every night. When he slept, it seemed as if we must hush our very breathing, lest it should disturb him.

"My neighbor, a positive little lady, with no relations to interfere in fond foolishness, brought up her wee Johnnie according to method. She nursed him by the clock. Therefore she could leave the house for a certain length of time, knowing that he would not suffer for food while she was gone. He was the sweetest baby—never sour or disagreeable from rejection.

"She never allowed him to be awakened that visitors might look at him, and she didn't let people kiss him if she could help it. As for carrying the baby, that was absolutely forbidden. He was put into his cradle wide awake, warm and comfortable, and was left in a darkened room to go to sleep.

"There is no telling how the boys will turn out when they are old enough to go to school, but Johnnie is far less trouble than Duncan. Not that I would exchange babies, though."

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Book free; pills 25c. At drugstores, or write B.F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.



CHAPTER V.
OUR ADVENTURE BEGINS A VISITOR.

Our morning's exertions had been too much for my weak health, and I was tired out in the afternoon. After Holmes' departure for the concert, I lay down upon the sofa and endeavored to get a couple of hours' sleep. It was a useless attempt. My mind had been too much excited by all that had occurred, and the strongest fancies and surmises crowded into it. Every time that I closed my eyes I saw before me the distorted, baboon-like countenance of the murdered man. So sinister was the impression which that face had produced upon me that I found it difficult to feel anything but gratitude for him who had removed its owner from the world. If ever human features bespoke vice of the most malignant type, they were certainly those of Enoch J. Drebber, of Cleveland. Still I recognized that justice must be done, and that the depravity of the victim was no condemnation in the eyes of the law.

The more I thought of it the more extraordinary did my companion's hypothesis; that the man had been poisoned, appear. I remember how he had snatched his lips, and had no doubt that he had detected something which had given rise to the idea. Then, again, if not poison, what had caused the man's death, since there was neither wound nor marks of strangulation? But, on the other hand, whose blood was that which lay so thickly upon the floor? There were no signs of a struggle, nor had the victim any weapon with which he might have wounded an antagonist. As long as all these questions were unsolved, I felt that sleep would be no easy matter, either for Holmes or myself. His quiet, self-confident manner convinced me that he had already formed a theory which explained all the facts, though what it was I could not for an instant conjecture.

He was very late in returning—so late that I knew that the concert could have been detained him all that time. Dinner was on the table before he appeared.

"It was magnificent," he said, as he took his seat. "Do you remember what Darwin says about music? He claims that the power of producing and appreciating it existed among the human race long before the power of speech was arrived at. Perhaps that is why we are so subtly influenced by it. There are vague memories in our souls of those misty centuries when the world was in its childhood."

"That's rather a broad idea," I remarked.

"One's ideas must be as broad as nature if they are to interpret nature," he answered. "What's the matter? You're not looking quite yourself. This Brixton road affair has upset you?"

"To tell the truth, it has," I said. "I ought to be more case-hardened after my Afghan experiences. I saw my own comrades hacked to pieces at Mafud without losing my nerve."

"I can understand. There is a mystery about this which stimulates the imagination; where there is no imagination there is no horror. Have you seen the evening paper?"

"No."

"It gives a fairly good account of the affair. It does not mention the fact that when the man was raised up a woman's wedding ring fell upon the floor. It is just as well it does not."

"Why?"

"Look at this advertisement," he answered. "I had one sent to every paper this morning immediately after the affair."

He threw the paper across to me, and I glanced at the place indicated. It was the first announcement in the "Found" column. "In Brixton road"

"Found" column. "In Brixton road"

"Excuse my using your name," he said. "If I used my own some one of these dundersheds would recognize it and want to meddle in the affair."

"That is all," I answered. "But supposing anyone applies, I have no ring."

"Oh, yes, you have," said he, handing me one. "This will do very well. It is almost a fac-simile."

"And who do you expect will answer this advertisement?"

"Why, the man in the brown coat—our friend friend with the square toes. If he does not come himself he will send an accomplice."

"Would he not consider it as too dangerous?"

"Not at all. If my view of the case is correct, and I have every reason to believe that it is, this man would rather risk anything than lose the ring. According to my notion he dropped it while stooping over Drebber's body, and did not miss it at the time. After leaving the house he discovered his loss, and hurried back, but found the police already in possession, owing to his own folly in leaving the candle burning. He had to pretend to be drunk in order to allay the suspicions which might have been aroused

by his appearance at the gate. Now put yourself in that man's place. On thinking the matter over, it must have occurred to him that it was possible that he had lost the ring in the road after leaving the house. What would he do then? He would eagerly look out for the evening papers, in the hope of seeing it among the articles found. His eye, of course, would light upon this. He would be overjoyed. Why should he fear a trap? There would be no reason in his eyes why the finding of the ring should be connected with the murder. He would come. He will come. You shall see him within an hour."

"And then?" I asked.

"Oh, you can leave me to deal with him. Have you any arms?"

"I have my old service revolver and a few cartridges."

"You had better clean it and load it. He will be a desperate man, and, though I shall take him unawares, it is well to be ready for anything."

I went to my bedroom and followed his advice. When I returned with the pistol the table had been cleared and Holmes was engaged in his favorite occupation of seraping upon his violin.

"The plot thickens," he said, as I entered. "I have just had an answer to my American telegram. My view of the case is correct."

"And that is?" I asked, eagerly.

"My fiddle would be a better for new strings," he remarked. "Put your pistol in your pocket. When the fellow comes speak to him in an ordinary way. Leave the rest to me. Don't frighten him by looking at him too hard."

"It is eight o'clock now," I said, glancing at my watch.

"Yes. He will probably be here in a few minutes. Open the door slightly. That will do. Now put the key on the inside. Thank you! This is a queer book I picked up at a stall yesterday—'De Jure Inter Gentes'—published in

Latin at Liege, in the Lowlands, in 1642. Charles' head was still firm on his shoulders when this little brown-backed volume was struck off."

"Who is the printer?"

"Philippe de Croy, whoever he may have been. On the fly-leaf, in very faded ink, is written, 'Exilibris Gulielmi Whyte.' I wondered who William Whyte was. Some pragmatical seventeenth century lawyer, I suppose. His writing has a legal taint about it. Here comes our man, I think."

As he spoke there was a sharp ring at the bell. Sherlock Holmes rose softly, and moved his chair in the direction of the door. We heard the servant pass along the hall, and the sharp click of the latch as he opened it.

"Does Dr. Watson live here?" asked a clear but rather harsh voice. We could not hear the servant's reply, but the door closed, and some one began to ascend the stairs. The footfall was an uncertain and shuffling one. A look of surprise passed over the face of my companion as he listened to it. I came slowly along the passage, and there was a feeble tap at the door.

"Come in!" cried.

As my summons, instead of the man of violence whom we expected, a very old and wrinkled woman hobbled into the apartment. She appeared to be dazzled by the sudden blaze of light, and, after dropping a courtesy, she stood blinking at us with her bleared eyes and fumbling in her pocket with nervous, shaky fingers. I glanced at my companion, and his face had assumed such a disconsolate expression that it was all I could do to keep my countenance.

The old crone drew out an evening paper, and pointed at our advertisement. "It's this as has brought me, good gentlemen," she said, dropping another courtesy. "A gold wedding-ring in the Brixton road. It belongs to my girl Sally, as was married only this time twelvemonth, which her husband is steward aboard a union boat, and what he'd say if he come 'ome and found her without her ring is more than I can think, he being short enough at the best o' times, but more especially when we has the drink. If it please you, she went to the circus last night along with—"

"Is that her ring?" I asked.

"The Lord be thanked!" cried the old woman. "Sally will be a glad woman this night. That's the ring."

"And what may your address be?" I inquired, taking up a pencil.

"11 Duncan street, Houndsditch. A weary way from here."

"The Brixton road does not lie between any circus and Houndsditch," said Sherlock Holmes, sharply.

The old woman faced round and looked keenly at him from her little red-rimmed eyes. "The gentleman asked me for my address," she said. "Sally lives in lodgings at 8 Mayfield Place, Peckham."

"And your name is—"

"My name is Sawyer—here is Dennis, which Tom Dennis married her—and a smart, clean lad, too, as long as he's 'ere, and no stevard in the company more thought of; but when on shore, what with the women and what with the dogs—"

"Here is your ring, Mrs. Sawyer," I

interrupted, in obedience to a sign from my companion; "it clearly belongs to your daughter, and I am glad to restore it to the rightful owner."

With many mumbled blessings and protestations of gratitude the old crone packed it away in her pocket, and shuffled off down the stairs. Sherlock Holmes sprang to his feet the moment she was gone and rushed into his room. He returned in a few seconds enveloped in an ulster and a cravat.

HER PURSUEE DOGGED HER SOME LITTLE DISTANCE BEHIND.

"I'll follow her," he said, hurriedly; "she must be an accomplice, and will lead me to him. Wait up for me." The hall door had hurriedly slammed behind our visitor before Holmes had descended the stair. Looking through the window I could see her walking feebly along the other side, while her pursuer dogged her some little distance behind. "Either his whole theory is incorrect," I thought to myself, "or else he will be led now to the heart of the mystery." There was no need for him to ask me to wait up for him, for I felt that sleep was impossible until I heard the result of his adventure.

It was close upon nine when he set out. I had no idea how long he might be, but I sat stolidly puffing at my pipe and skipping over the pages of Henri Murger's "Vie de Boheme." Ten o'clock passed, and I heard the footsteps of the maid as she pattered off to bed. Eleven and the more stately tread of the landlady passed my door, bound for the same destination. It was close upon twelve before I heard the sharp sound of his latch-key. The instant he entered I saw by his face that he had not been successful. Amusement and chagrin seemed to be struggling for the mastery, until the former suddenly carried the day, and he burst into a hearty laugh.

"I wouldn't have the Scotland Yarders know it for the world," he cried, dropping into his chair; "I have chaffed them so much that they would never have let me hear the end of it. I can afford to laugh, because I know that I will be even with them in the long run."

"What is it, then?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't mind telling a story against myself. That creature had gone a little way when she began to limp and show every sign of being foot-sore. Presently she came to a halt, and hailed a four-wheeler which was passing. I managed to be close enough to her to hear the address, but I need not have been so anxious, for she sang it out loud enough to be heard at the other side of the street. 'Drive to 13 Duncan street, Houndsditch,' she cried. This begins to look genuine, I cried, and having seen her safely inside, I perched myself behind. That's an art which every detective should be an expert at. We away we rattled, and never drew a rein until we reached the street in question. I hopped off before we came to the door, and stroled down the street in an easy, lounging way. I saw the cab pull up. The driver jumped down, and I saw him open the door and stand expectantly. Nothing came out, though. When I reached him he was groping about frantically in the empty cab, and giving vent to the finest assorted collection of oaths that ever I listened to. There was no sign or trace of his passenger, and I fear it will be some time before he gets his fare. On inquiring at No. 13 I found that the house belonged to a respectable paper-hanger, named Kewley, and that no one of the name either of Sawyer or Dennis had ever been heard of there."

"You don't mean to say," I cried, in amazement, "that that tottering, feeble old woman was able to get out of the cab while it was in motion, without either you or the driver seeing her?"

"Old woman be d—d!" said Sherlock Holmes, sharply. "We were the old women to be so taken in. It must have been a young man, and an active one, too, besides being an incomparable actor. The get-up was inimitable. He saw that he was followed, no doubt, and used this means of giving me the slip. It shows that the man we are after is not as lonely as I imagined he was, but has friends who are ready to risk something for him. Now, doctor, you are looking done-up. Take my advice and turn in."

I was certainly feeling very weary, so I obeyed his injunction. I left Holmes seated in front of the smoldering fire, and long into the watches of the night I heard the low, melancholy wailings of his violin, and knew that he was still pondering over the strange problem which he had set himself to unravel.

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Why She Stopped.

An editor's excuse for discontinuing the publication of his paper was that everybody else stopped the paper, and so he thought he would.—North and West.

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Great English Remedy,
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IF YOU SUFFER from Nervous Debility, Weakness of Body and Mind, Spermatocies, and Impotency, and all diseases that arise from over-indulgence and self-abuse, as Loss of Memory and Power, Dimness of Vision, Impure Old Age and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and an early grave, write for a pamphlet. Address: GRAY'S MEDICINE CO., Buffalo, N. Y. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$5 per package, or six packages for \$25, sent by mail on receipt of money, and with every \$5.00 order. **WE GUARANTEE** a cure or money refunded.

On account of counterfeiters we have adopted the Yellow Wrapper, the only genuine. Sold in Scranton by Matthews Bros.

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Best in the market.

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Manufacturers of the Celebrated